

# HEIST

a screenplay by  
DAVID MAMET

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Rosenstone-Wender Agency  
3 East 48th Street, NYC

6 INT. FAST-FOOD COFFEE SHOP - DAY

6

INSERT: A TRAY WITH FOUR ESPRESSO SHOT GLASSES ON IT.  
A WOMAN'S HAND FILLS THE LAST OF THE FOUR.

ANGLE - THE UNIFORMED GUARD:

AT THE COUNTER, CHATTING WITH ANOTHER SERVER.

CASHIER  
(to Guard)  
...what's yours?

THE WOMAN POURING THE DRINKS RUBS HER TEMPLES, AND SIGHS.

WOMAN  
Four Cappuccino...

CASHIER  
...that ought to keep you up...

THE GUARD AND THE CASHIER LAUGH.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
...eleven ninety-two...

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN:

SHE PRODUCES A SMALL "VISINE-LIKE" BOTTLE FROM HER POCKET,  
TIPS HER HEAD BACK, AND MOVES AS IF TO PUT THE DROPS IN HER  
EYES.

ANGLE XCU:

WE SEE THAT THE CAP IS STILL ON THE BOTTLE.

ANGLE CU:

SHE LOWERS THE BOTTLE AND TAKES OFF THE CAP, AND PUTS SEVERAL  
DROPS INTO EACH OF THE DRINKS BEFORE HER.

ANGLE - THE WOMAN:

AS SHE PASSES THE TRAY FULL OF DRINKS OVER THE COUNTER TO THE  
GUARD.

WOMAN  
You have a nice day.

THE GUARD EXITS.

SHE LOOKS UP AT THE WALL CLOCK; IT READS 8:55 A.M., AND  
ADDRESSES HERSELF TO THE CASHIER.

(CONTINUED)

8A INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

8A \*

WE SEE FRAN, THE NOW-BLONDE WOMAN, LOOKING INTO THE WINDOW AS  
THE JEWELRY DISPLAY-CASE DOOR IS CLOSED.

\*  
\*

8B EXT. JEWELRY STORE AND STREET - DAY

8B \*

WE SEE FRAN'S REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW AS SHE ADJUSTS HER  
HAIR.

\*

SHE TAKES THE NEW YORK TIMES FROM HER BAG AND WALKS TO THE  
CORNER.

\*

ANGLE

AT THE COFFEESTAND. WE SEE BLANE HOLDING HIS COFFEE, NOW  
REVEALED TO BE WALKING WITH A CANE, START AWAY FROM THE  
STAND. MOORE TAKES HIS COFFEE AND STARTS IN A SIMILAR  
DIRECTION. THE COFFEEMAN GESTURES TO HIM THAT HE FORGOT HIS  
CHANGE. MOORE GOES BACK FOR HIS CHANGE.

ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

8B CONTINUED: (2)

8B

ON PINCUS, BLANE AND MOORE, NOW AT THE DOORWAY OF THE JEWELRY STORE AS ONE OF THEM MOUNTS THE STEPS TO LOOK CLOSER AT THE GOINGS-ON.

ANGLE

BLANE LOOKS AT MOORE.

\*

MOORE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

ANGLE ON MOORE, AS HE PEERS INTO THE JEWELRY STORE.

8C EXT. MOORE'S POV - JEWELRY STORE - DAY

8C

HIS POV - A MAN SLUMPED AT THE COUNTER, AN OPEN COFFEE CUP NEXT TO HIM.

8D EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

8D

MOORE LOOKS BACK AT THE STREET.

BLANE LOOKS INTERROGATIVELY AT HIM. MOORE LOOKS AT PINCUS WHO IS LOOKING DOWN AT HIS WATCH AND SHAKES HIS HEAD, MEANING "NOT QUITE YET." "ONE SECOND."

\*

THERE IS A SECOND EXPLOSION WHICH WE SEE REFLECTED IN OUR JEWELRY STORE DOOR. MOORE NODS. PINCUS TAKES A LARGE METAL CYLINDER FROM HIS ARTISTS CASE. MOORE TAKES BLANE'S CANE AND FITS IT INTO THE LOCK OF THE JEWELRY STORE DOOR. HE FITS THE CYLINDER OVER IT, GIVING HIM A SIX-FOOT-LONG LEVER. THE THREE MEN LEAN INTO THE LEVER AND THE DOOR TO THE JEWELRY STORE SNAPS OPEN AND THEY ENTER.

\*

\*

9 OMITTED

9

10 OMITTED

10

10A OMITTED

10A

11 EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

11

THE THREE MEN ENTER THE STORE. PULLING STOCKING MASKS OVER THEIR HEADS AND PULLING ON SURGICAL GLOVES.

MOORE IS ABOUT TO COME FORWARD WHEN HE IS RESTRAINED BY PINCUS, WHO LOOKS AT SOMETHING INSIDE THE STORE AND THEN BACK AT MOORE.

THE PANEL IN THE WALL SWINGS OPEN, WE SEE A LARGE WALK-IN  
SAFE IN A SMALL UTILITY AREA BEHIND.

ANGLE:

PINCUS COMES TO THE DESK, AND PUTS AN OLD FASHIONED EGGTIMER  
ON IT.

ANGLE ON MOORE, AS HE STARTS TO PUT BACK ON HIS FACE MASK. HE  
GLANCES UP.

ANGLE, HIS POV A VIDEO CAMERA MOUNTED IN A CORNER OF THE  
WALL.

ANGLE

THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA, THE IMAGE IN BLACK AND WHITE, OF  
MOORE AND THE GROUP. WE SEE PINCUS COME OVER TO A DESK.

IN THE FOREGROUND PINCUS IS SEEN, EMPTYING THE CONTENTS OF  
SEVERAL DISPLAY CASES INTO HIS CARRYALL.

IN THE BACK, MOORE STEPS PAST THE SLUMPED FORM OF AN OFF-DUTY  
COP, SEATED AT A DESK IN FRONT OF VIDEO CONSOLES. ON THE  
DESK, SEVERAL KEYS, CLIPPED TO A SWISS ARMY KNIFE. HE COMES  
UP TO A LARGE GRATING, BEHIND WHICH WE SEE A STRONGBOX AREA.  
THERE IS A KEYPAD TO A SIDE OF THE AREA.

15 INT. JEWELRY STORE - UTILITY AREA - DAY

15

INSERT: MOORE'S HAND, HOLDING THE KEYRING.

WE SEE MOORE EXCHANGE A LOOK WITH BLANE. MOORE OPENS A BLADE  
OF THE SWISS ARMY KNIFE. LOOKS BACK AT BLANE, WHO SHAKES  
HIS HEAD AND POINTS TO THE CORRECT BLADE. MOORE OPENS  
ANOTHER BLADE AND WE SEE, IN AN INSERT, A SERIES OF NUMBERS  
TAPED TO THE BLADE. MOORE NODS, AND ENTERS THE AREA.

INSIDE THE BARRED SAFE AREA. WE SEE BLANE RUNNING HIS HAND  
DOWN THE VARIOUS NUMBERED SAFE BOXES. HE LOOKS BACK TO MOORE.

ANGLE

MOORE, AT THE SECURITY DESK. LOOKING AT THE SECURITY MONITORS  
(ON WHICH WE SEE PINCUS, WHO IS MOVING FROM ONE JEWELRY CASE  
TO ANOTHER, SMASHING INTO THEM USING A SMALL HAMMER AND PICK,  
AND EMPTYING THE CONTENTS INTO A SACK WHICH HE WEARS AROUND  
HIS NECK. HE REACHES INTO EACH CASE WEARING A LARGE TO-THE-  
ELBOW GAUNTLET.)

ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

19 INT. JEWELRY STORE - UTILITY AREA - DAY 19

MOORE, LOOKING AT THE BLACK AND WHITE SCREENS. MOORE TAKES HIS CANE, AND BEGINS DEMOLISHING CABINETS IN THE UTILITY AREA. HE DUMPS THE DRUGGED POLICEMAN OUT ONTO THE GROUND. HE FOLLOWS THE WIRING FROM THE VIDEOSCREENS, DOWN THE WALL. \*

MOORE FINDS THE CABINET, HOLDING THE TAPEDECKS. WE SEE THE TAPES MOVING, WE SEE THE VCR'S HIDDEN BEHIND HEAVY METAL GRATING.

MOORE TAKES HIS CANE, AND TRIES TO LEVER THE GRATING OPEN. IT DOESN'T BUDGE. \*

HE BEGINS WORKING ON THE LOCK.

WE HEAR THE EGGTIMER GOING OFF.

20 INT. JEWELRY STORE - SHOWROOM - DAY 20

PINCUS, PICKS UP THE EGGTIMER, LOOKS AT MOORE.

21 INT. JEWELRY STORE - UTILITY AREA - DAY 21

MOORE, WIPES THE SWEAT FROM HIS FOREHEAD. BEGINS BEATING AT THE GRATING WITH HIS CANE.

ANGLE XCUS: HE LOOKS BACK AT PINCUS.

22 INT. JEWELRY STORE - SHOWROOM - DAY 22

MOORE, COMING OUT OF THE SAFEROOM. WE SEE HIM PICK UP THE EGGTIMER, AND HE AND PINCUS PUT THEIR GLOVES, MASKS, EGGTIMER, ET CETERA, INTO THE STEEL RECEPTACLE. BLANE GOES BACK TO THE UTILITY AREA WITH THE SWISS ARMY KNIFE AND THROWS IT BACK ONTO THE DESK -- TILT DOWN TO VIDEO IMAGE OF THE MEN LEAVING THE STORE. \*

22A INT. JEWELRY STORE - SECURITY MONITOR 22A

THIS IMAGE, AS SEEN ON THE BLACK AND WHITE VIDEOSCREEN, THE TAPEDECK SPINNING IN THE CABINET. \*

23 EXT. STERN, A BEAUTIFUL SLOOP - OCEAN - DAY. 23

THE BOAT'S NAME: "RETREAT - ESSEX, MA." \*

CAMERA COMES AROUND THE SIDE OF A SLOOP, WE SEE, ON A PLATFORM AFT OF THE STERN, A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (FRAN). THE SLOOP PASSES A MARKER BUOY. FRAN REACTS TO THE BUOY AND BEGINS ATHLETICALLY CLIMBING ONTO THE DECK.

(CONTINUED)

FRECCIA

You're too old for a girl like that.  
Where'd you get a girl like that?

MOORE

Found her in a crackerjack box.

FRECCIA PICKS UP THE HALF HULL MODEL.

MOORE (cont'd)

(of the torque rod)

Here you are, Mr. Freccia...

FRECCIA

You fixed it?

MOORE

Nah, I had to make you a new one.

FRECCIA

You're a pretty smart fella.

MOORE

Nah, I'm not that smart.

FRECCIA

You're not that smart, how'd you figure  
it out?

MOORE

I tried to imagine a fella, smarter than  
myself, and tried to think what would he  
do.

AS MOORE WRITES A RECEIPT AND FRECCIA GIVES HIM MONEY:

FRAN

If it's metal, Joe can make it.

FRAN HEADS OUT TO CHANGE.

\*

FRECCIA

And that's one hell of a boat you got  
there.

MOORE

You sign up, I'll build you one like it.

FRECCIA

I wanna buy that one.

(CONTINUED)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL POUCH A BUSINESS CARD READING: FRECCIA  
TRUCKING WITH A LARGE RED ARROW ON IT, AND A 6-INCH-LONG  
CLEAT IN GLEAMING BRASS IN THE SHAPE OF AN ARROW.

FRECCIA  
It looks like gold.

MOORE  
That's 'cause I gilded it.

FRECCIA  
Why?

MOORE  
To sell you a boat.

FRECCIA, HOLDING THE CLEAT AND POUCH, PASSES THEM BACK TO  
MOORE.

FRECCIA LOOKS OVER AT MOORE'S BOAT.

FRECCIA  
I want that boat. You sell me that boat,  
I'll come down, a laundry bag fulla cash,  
take the money, you take your l'il girl,  
cruise down to some tropic isle...

MOORE  
You gonna get that kind of cash?

FRECCIA  
(starts writing on his business  
card)  
Hey, don't be coy, you know who I am.  
You sell me your boat, I'm gonna put you  
under my wing. Here's my private number.

MOORE ACCEPTS THE CARD AND HEADS INSIDE TO PUT THE CARD ON  
FRAN'S PHOTO AND PUT THE CLEAT ON THE WORKTABLE. FRAN HEADS  
BACK IN, REDRESSED, TOWELLING HER FRESHLY WASHED FACE.      \*

MOORE  
Mr. Freccia, I can't do it. Tell you  
what, we're working, plans for your boat,  
you can take mine out, any time it's  
free.

FRECCIA  
Z'a girl go with it...      \*

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

27 INT/EXT. MARINA #1 - BOATSHED - DAY

27

FRAN WALKS IN. MOORE LOOKS AT THE HALF HULL.

MOORE

Would've been a nice boat.

FRAN

Walk away from it.

MOORE TAKES DOWN SIDE-BY-SIDE SHOTGUN FROM OVER THE DOOR. HE  
HEADS OUTSIDE TO A PILE OF SUPPLIES COVERED BY A TARP.

MOORE

(to Fran)

Let's get the boxes and get 'em into the  
boat.

27A OMITTED

27A

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

MOORE LIFTS A SECTION OF THE WALL OUT, TO SHOW IT IS FALSE, THERE IS A MAN-SIZED COMPARTMENT IN IT, WITH VARIOUS FIREARMS IN IT. A SMALL OLD, RED MOROCCO GYMBAG IS LYING ON A SHELF. MOORE OPENS IT.

INSERT: THE BAG CONTAINS TWO SMALL SPEEDBAGS (BOXING) AND TWO PAIR OF OLD BOXING GLOVES, AND A HEAD PROTECTOR, ALL OLD AND BATTERED.

30 EXT. MOORE'S BOAT - DECK - MARINA #1 - DAY

30

MOORE AND FRAN, COMING UP FROM THE CABIN.

MOORE  
I'll see you tonight.

FRAN  
Stay in the shadows.

MOORE  
Everybody's looking in the shadows.

FRAN  
Then where's the place to be...?

MOORE  
Place to be's in the sun.  
(he puts on his sunglasses)

FRAN  
Well, you stay there, then.

WE HEAR A CAR HORN. THEY TURN THEIR HEADS.

IN THE B.G. WE SEE AN OLD, BATTERED BLUE TAXI -- A CHECKER MARATHON, PULL UP -- MARKED 'CAPE ANN TAXI'.

31 OMITTED

31

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

33 INT. BERGMAN'S OFFICE - A WORKROOM - DAY

33

WORKTABLE. THE RED BAG. HANDS COME INTO THE FRAME, AND TAKE  
OUT BOXING EQUIPMENT. A HAND WITH A KNIFE SLITS THE EQUIPMENT  
OPEN AND POURS OUT VARIOUS GEMSTONES, AND SET PIECES, ONTO A  
BLACK CLOTH.

(CONTINUED)

33A INT. BERGMAN'S BUILDING/TRANSITION AREA - DAY

33A

THEY WALK THROUGH A TRANSITION AREA. WE PASS FURS ON RACKS,  
VARIOUS BOXES OF CLOTHING.

BERGMAN

Anything you want while you're here?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

I'm burnt. They got my picture.

BERGMAN

They got your picture in drag, with your war paint on.

MOORE

It's a blessing. It's time anyway. It's time to check out.

THEY LOOK UP AS SILK ARRIVES WITH THE RED BAG, HE HANDS A SLIP OF PAPER TO BERGMAN.

BERGMAN

(of the paper)

"...higher than the estimate.

SILK BEGINS TO 'TALK HIM THROUGH' THE SLIP OF PAPER.

SILK

"...and half of that is yours..."

HE LEAVES.

BERGMAN

I told you we're on for the "other" thing, the Swiss thing?

MOORE

Why is he telling me that, Bill? That half of it's mine? I know half of it's mine. Because, you'll remember, me and my crew, went in there and got it.

(CONTINUED)

BERGMAN

(as he gets up from his office  
and starts out the door)

Fuck you and fuck your partners. I'm your  
partner. I don't set you up, what do you  
got, Little Lambsy Divy. I bankrolled  
this job on your say-so.

BLANE

You trine to play us for, you day-late  
motherfucker.

BERGMAN

Fuck you, go back to prison...

BLANE GOES AFTER HIM. A THUG INTERPOSES HIMSELF BETWEEN  
BERGMAN AND BLANE. THE THUG MOVES TO HIT BLANE, BLANE HITS  
HIM.

BLANE

Guess again.

THE THUG DRAWS A PISTOL. BLANE BATS THE PISTOL AWAY. IT  
DISCHARGES TWICE, HITTING THE DOOR FRAME AND BREAKING A GLASS  
PARTITION IN THE CORRIDOR. BLANE HITS THE THUG, WHO GOES TO  
THE FLOOR, BLANE DRAWS A PISTOL.

\*  
\*

BLANE (CONT'D)

You wanna play Q.K. Corral?

THE THUG STIRS ON THE FLOOR, BLANE KICKS THE THUG IN THE  
HEAD.

ANGLE CU BLANE, TURNS HIS HEAD TO THE SIDE.

ANGLE

HIS POV, IN A SIDE-ROOM, THE RED GYMBAG.

BLANE MOVES INTO THE SHOT, MANOEUVERING TOWARD THE GYMBAG.

BLANE (CONT'D)

You wanna dress up and play?

(CONTINUED)

35 INT. BERGMAN'S BUILDING/ELEVATOR AREA - DAY  
THEY PUNCH THE BUTTON, THE ELEVATOR DOESN'T COME.

35 \*

\*

BERGMAN

Hey, hey, Joe...

MOORE

Whaddaya want me to do, siddown, pull up  
a chair while you rape me?

BERGMAN

I'm in Hock to My People for all the  
Toys, all the Toys, you told me, Go Out  
and Buy... the Truck, two Trucks, the  
Plane, the Train, you said, "Go Out and  
Spend the Money..."

\*

MOORE

Whaddaya want from me?

BERGMAN

I want you to do the Swiss Job.

(CONTINUED)

\*

(CONTINUED)

;7 CONTINUED:

37

BLANE

What's the shot?

MOORE

I gotta get somebody to throw me in the  
briar patch.

PAUSE. MOORE MAKES A "TELEPHONING" GESTURE TO BLANE.

38 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

38 \*

BERGMAN. STANDING ON ONE SIDE OF A SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. MOORE  
APPROACHES HIM THROUGH A CROWD OF SCHOOL-AGE CHILDREN AT  
PLAY. ANGLE. \*

ANGLE: MOORE'S POV - PLAYGROUND - DAY \*

BEYOND BERGMAN, SILK, LASZLO AND THE REST OF BERGMAN'S  
ENTOURAGE, SOME THIRTY YARDS OFF, NEAR A SCHOOL BUS. \*

MOORE WALKS UP TO BERGMAN.

BERGMAN'S POV - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND \*

MOORE AND BLANE:

WALKING TOWARD HIM. MOORE WALKS AHEAD, AND INTO A SHOT  
HOLDING HIM AND BERGMAN. \*

MOORE

I'm going to need some walking-around  
money.

BERGMAN

That's not unreasonable.

MOORE

And I'm going to need my men's share, on  
the last job. .

(pause)

Give it to me. .

BERGMAN

Now? -

MOORE

You got it in your pocket.

BERGMAN TAKES AN ENVELOPE OUT OF HIS JACKET. HOLDS IT TOWARD  
MOORE.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

WE SEE SILK DETACH HIMSELF FROM HIS GROUP AND WALK TOWARD MOORE AND BLANE.

39 INT. AIRPORT BAR - DAY

39

SMOKY, WORKERS' BAR. SOUND OF PLANES LANDING. AIRPORT PARAPHERNALIA ALL AROUND, A BATTERED SUITCASE IN THE PLACE OF HONOR OVER THE BAR, PHOTOS OF PLANES. BAGGAGE HANDLERS DRINKING.

FRAN

(in blue jeans, on a pay phone)  
...an it, an if... well, why didn't you,  
no, wait a sec... wait a second, f'it's  
about your wife, F'It's about your wife,  
why din'tcha... no, wait a... will you  
WAIT, what I'm saying, if the whole thing  
is about your wife, you know what, you  
know what, the hell with it.

\*

SHE HANGS UP. SHE GOES TO THE BAR, TWO PACES AWAY, AND SITS NEXT TO A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, BETTY CROFT.

BARTENDER

Are you not a happy camper?

\*

\*

FRAN

I'm not a camper at all stud. Gimme  
another drink.

\*

\*

\*

BETTY CROFT

Hope you're not driving tonight.

FRAN

Well, I hope I am driving tonight, and I  
run into some fucked abutment IF THAT'S  
WHAT THEY'RE CALLED, and

(he gives her a drink)

Thank you...

(she drinks)

BETTY CROFT

...take it easy, Baby... stuff'll eat  
your stomach lining...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

MOORE

You bet she is.

SILK

And why is she important?

MOORE

She gets us in the door.

40 EXT. AIRPORT BAR - DAY

40 \*

CAMERA TAKES SILK AND MOORE TO A STATIONWAGON. MOORE OPENS THE BACK AND POINTS TO SEVERAL UNIFORMS, IN DRY-CLEANING WRAPPERS.

SILK

She gets us in the door how?

MOORE

(of the dry-cleaning)

I want you to take the uniforms, hang 'em on a porch, three, four days, get the dry-cleaning smell out of em.

SILK

When we do the switch, the highway...?

MOORE MOTIONS HIM TO BE QUIET.

SILK (CONT'D)

Nobody can hear.

MOORE

Nobody can hear what you don't say.

SILK

I'm gonna be as quiet as an ant pissing on cotton.

MOORE

I don't want you as quiet as an ant pissing on cotton, I don't want you as quiet as an ant thinking about pissing on cotton. I want you as quiet as an ant NOT EVEN THINKING ABOUT pissing on Cotton.

THEY START TO WALK AWAY.

(CONTINUED)

OUTSIDE, PINCUS, HOLDING A SURVEYOR'S TRANSIT. BLANE OFFERS A CIGARETTE TO SILK. SILK REFUSES. BEAT. BEAT. SILK TAKES A CIGARETTE.

BLANE DIALS A CELL PHONE.

BLANE  
(to phone)  
Hello. Hello. I have to report a  
breakdown -- I've got one of your  
rentals, and I need a tow truck. ...Oh  
no, don't tell me that...

ANGLE: SILK, WATCHING MOORE COME DOWN THE STEEP HILL.

SILK  
What's the story on your pal?

BLANE  
He was born, he suffered, he died.  
(pause)

SILK  
Can he do the thing?

BLANE  
He was doing the thing before you were  
born.

SILK  
Well, you see, that's what, that's what  
troubles me.  
(pause) ...

BLANE  
Maybe you wanna pray about it.  
(pause)

SILK  
No, I'm not a religious man.

BLANE  
That's a shame.

SILK NODS AT THE WINDOW. DRAWING HIS ATTENTION TO THE  
WINDOW.

AS PINCUS APPROACHES. PINCUS STOPS FOR A CIGARETTE ON HIS WAY  
TO DUMP THE TRANSIT.

BLANE (CONT'D)  
Howsa leg?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

MOORE

Because when it starts to go sour,  
someb'y's gonna be pissing their shit,  
look'n around, shoot someb'y inna head,  
I'd like to have an alternate idea.  
(pause)

(CONTINUED)

43 EXT. TIN CAN ROADSIDE - DAY

43

\*

MOORE LOOKS BACK TOWARD SILK, IN THE CAR, AND LOOKS  
QUESTIONINGLY AT BLANE.

MOORE  
Is he gonna hold up?

BLANE  
He's only got to hold together till "the  
thing"...

43A EXT. TIN CAN ROADSIDE - DAY

43A

MOORE SEES SOMETHING OVER BLANE'S SHOULDER.

MOORE'S POV -

A POLICE CRUISER:

WHICH BRAKES, AND BEGINS TO BACK UP.

\*

ANGLE - BLANE AND MOORE:

MOORE  
(to Blane)  
He's backing up...

\*

\*

\*

ANGLE - STATIONWAGON:

SILK WATCHES IN REARVIEW MIRROR AS TROOPER CAR BACKS UP.

\*

ANGLE - SILK PUTS HIS HANDS ON THE KEYS TO THE IGNITION.

\*

PINCUS  
(to Silk)  
Don't start the car. It's just a routine  
stop... some guys on the side of the  
road.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

ANGLE - MOORE AND BLANE

\*

MOORE  
Good morning.  
(to self) (reacts to Silk moving  
mirror)

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

A YOUNG TROOPER GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

TROOPER WALKS TOWARD THEM, UNBUTTONING HIS SAFETY SNAP ON THE HOLSTER. HE LOOKS WARILY AT SILK AND BLANE.

\*

ANGLE ON THE OFFICER CROSSING THE STREET.

OFFICER

Good morning -- could I see some identification?

BEAT. BLANE LOOKS TO MOORE FOR GUIDANCE.

\*

BEAT. MOORE PUSHES PAST BLANE.

\*

MOORE WALKS UP TO THE TROOPER.

\*

MOORE

Hey: Good of you to come... Scuse me, scuse me, officer, we were sposed to have your detail, doing security for us an hour ago...

\*

BLANE

Chuck...

A TRUCK DRIVES DOWN THE STREET. OUR TROOPER PULLS MOORE TOWARD HIM.

\*

\*

TROOPER

Step out of the road, sir.

\*

\*

MOORE

No, it's no big deal, but we're standing out here...

\*

TROOPER

...who did you...?

BLANE

(pulling Moore away)  
Forget about...

(CONTINUED)

SILK WITNESSES THIS IN HIS REARVIEW MIRROR: BLANE AND MOORE  
WALK AWAY FROM THE TROOPER. TROOPER USES HIS RADIO, AS BLANE  
AND MOORE WALK TO SILK. THEY SEE A PANICKED SILK OPEN THE CAR  
DOOR.

BLANE (CONT'D)  
(unzipping his jacket)  
Here comes the fourth of July.

MOORE PEELS OFF AND HEADS BACK TO THE TROOPER. THE TROOPER IS  
TRYING TO GET A LOOK AT SILK AND THE WAGON. MOORE DISTRACTS  
HIM.

MOORE  
(to the Trooper)  
I'm sorry, I know it's not you, but...

TROOPER  
Hey, nothing to it. If...

MOORE  
But it's not the first time... we're  
sposed to have police pro...

ANGLE - BLANE SLAMS THE DOOR CLOSED... GRABS SILK'S CELL  
PHONE, CALLS TO MOORE.

BLANE  
You got a call from the office.

(CONTINUED)

46 INT. STATIONWAGON - DAY

46 \*

MOORE GETS IN THE CAR.

\*

MOORE  
I'm trina... I'm trina...  
(to Silk)  
You fucken lame, you want to leave me  
dead, th'whole crew, the side of the  
highway?

SILK  
I...

MOORE  
You fucken cowboy, I oughta...  
(to Blane)  
Tell me why I don't leave him out inna  
ditch somewh...

\*

\*

BLANE  
(as he sits in the car)  
Hey, I vote we do...

\*

MOORE  
...put you down like the fucken dog you  
are... you gonna come, shoot your way to  
stardom? Don't do any...

SILK  
I only--

MOORE  
I don't want you to do anything unless  
and until... we hit the City, burn the  
car.

SILK  
...I'll...

MOORE  
(to Pincus)  
You do it. You do it... the car's  
filthy... Whole fucken job's in the car.  
You do it, Pinky.

HE WIPES HIS HAND OVER HIS FACE. TAKES OFF HIS HARD HAT,  
WIPES THE SWEAT FROM HIS BROW.

ANGLE - CU ON MOORE

\*

(CONTINUED)

47 INT. MARINA #1 - BACK BOATSHED/PLANNING AREA - DUSK

47 \*

A RENTATRUCK. NEXT TO IT, A LARGE, MARSLIGHT. ASSEMBLY, ON THE GROUND, WIRES TRAILING.

ANGLE: ON FRAN.

STANDING BY THE BULLETIN BOARD, WHERE WE SEE A LARGE PHOTO OF THE RED AND WHITE G.C.A. SHED, 'PANHELVETICA' INFORMATION, THE "C.N. DE G." LOGOS, THE PHOTOS OF MRS. BETTY CROFT, ET CETERA. SHE LOOKS ON AS WE HEAR MEN ARGUING.

SILK

I can do it, I can do it, I can do it...

SILK WALKS INTO THE SHOT, FOLLOWING MOORE.

WE SEE PINCUS, IN THE B.G., AND BLANE, WHO COMES TO STAND NEAR MOORE.

SILK (CONT'D)

I know the job, I got the job cold...  
you can't cut me loose, I got the job  
cold....

MOORE

(striding away)

...the fuck should I bet on you, "young,  
dumb, and full of come," I'm bleeding to  
death on the fucken highway, "Hey, he's  
just impetuous--"

HE BENDS TO THE WORKTABLE, AND REARRANGES THE VARIOUS METAL TOYS, ON THE DIAGRAM WHICH IS CHALKED OUT ON THE TABLETOP.

SILK

Security truck to the Garage. We beat  
the towtruck to the drop-off point, the  
tow truck...

(as he speaks we match the  
picture to the words with  
inserts.)

ANGLE: MOORE AND BLANE.

SILK (CONT'D)

You got no job without me, you got  
nothing without this job, you wanna go  
down South, pretty lil wife, due respect,  
broke? You wann' go down there broke,  
without me, you got nothing....

(CONTINUED)

PINCUS

...the stationwagon. The cops found it.

\*

MOORE

...they found it, how'd they find it! I  
told you to ditch it in...

PINCUS

I, I. I stopped off to see my niece,  
I...

MOORE

Did you wipe it down...?

BLANE

You sonofabitch, what do you mean, you  
stopped off to see your niece...?

MOORE

Did you wipe it down...?  
(pause)

\*

PINCUS

I.... I left my clipboard in the car.

SILK

...what does this do to the Job...?

\*

BLANE

You left your clipboard?

PINCUS

I. You know my leg was troubling me...

BLANE

The job is on the clipboard...

SILK

...what about the Job...?  
(pause)

\*

BLANE

The whole job's on the clipboard.

MOORE

The job stands. We meet in ten days  
the...

BLANE

You're outta your mind.

PINCUS

The job stands?

\*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

47

MOORE

Bobby --  
(he puts a hand on his  
shoulder)

BLANE

Baby, you got old...

HE TOSSES OFF MOORE'S HAND.

MOORE

Wait a second, wait a second...

BLANE

I'm gone.

PINCUS

I don't see... Bob: I don't see how they  
could've found the car.

BLANE

Fuck the car, you stupid lame... I'm  
getting out of here...

IN THE B.G., WE SEE FRAN STARTING TO TEAR DOWN ARTICLES FROM  
THE PLAN, THE PHOTOS, ETC.

MOORE

What are you doing?

FRAN

The place is burnt.

MOORE

(turning back to Silk)  
Hold on, hold on... meet... meet at the  
access road on...

PINCUS

Bobby... I...

MOORE

(to Blane)  
You're leaving me with noth...

48 EXT. MARINA #1 - PARKING AREA - DUSK

48

WE SEE SILK AND BLANE AT THEIR CARS. MOORE STARTS RUSHING  
BACK INTO THE SHED. PINCUS RUNS UP TO HIM, HANGING ON HIS  
ARMS.

(CONTINUED)

BEAT. THEY EMBRACE.

PINCUS WALKS OVER TO THE "BURN BOX" AND EXTRACTS SOME OF THE "PLANS," AND LOOKS AT THEM.

INSERTS: THE VARIOUS LOGOS, ET CETERA. HE HOLDS UP THE TOW TRUCK.

PINCUS  
You know, I would have loved to do that Swiss job.

MOORE  
S'a good plan.

PINCUS  
N'I never liked the Swiss. They make them little clocks, two cocksuckers come out of them, these little hammers, hit each other on the head. What kind of sick mentality is that?  
(pause)

MOORE TAKES OUT A THICK ENVELOPE.

PINCUS (CONT'D)  
You take care, Pally.

MOORE  
You get his cut to Bob?  
(Pincus nods.)

PINCUS  
He said he's gonna miss you.

THEY WALK PINCUS TOWARD THE DOOR. WE SEE THE SLOOP BEYOND.

PINCUS (CONT'D)  
(to Fran)  
You gonna be okay?

FRAN  
I'm okay now.

PINCUS  
What're you gonna do for cash.

MOORE  
We're taking down the Boat guy tonight.  
(he looks at his watch.)

(CONTINUED)

50A INT. THE SHOP - NIGHT

50A \*

FRAN IS PUTTING THE LAST OF VARIOUS "GO AWAY" ARTICLES, \*  
SEVERAL SMALL BAGS, ETC. IN A PILE. SHE TAKES DOWN THE HALF \*  
HULL MODEL OF THE "RETREAT." MOORE WALKS TO HIS DESK, AND \*  
TAKES A PHOTO OF FRAN WITH FRECCIA'S BUSINESS CARD IN THE \*  
CORNER, AND CARRIES THESE TO THE PILE WHICH FRAN IS MAKING. \*  
THE QUINCY SIGN IS IN THE PILE ALREADY. \*

(CONTINUED)

50A CONTINUED: (2)

50A

MOORE  
(as he exits)  
Go get him.

\*  
\*  
\*

MOORE GOES INTO THE "GRINDING" AREA, TAKES A SMALL CAN OF GASOLINE FROM THE FLOOR AND PUTS IT UP ON THE WORKBENCH, AND POURS SOME ON HIS HANDS, AND TAKES A RAG AND BEGINS WIPING HIS HANDS.

51 OMITTED

51

55 CONTINUED:

MOORE (CONT'D)  
...trying to put your cleat in...

FRAN  
To put your arrow cleat in...

MOORE  
It was her idea. To to...

FRAN  
To put your stamo on it...

MOORE  
I'm screwing it down, damned if I didn't  
cut the diesel line...

FRECCIA  
I wanted to, I wanted to go out on her  
tonight...

MOORE  
I know you did, sir, and I couldn't be  
more sorry. I know you did, but I'm  
working all night, and I'm going to have  
that boat ready for you at sunup...

56 INT. MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

56

MOORE  
I do have...I've got the chain-of-title,  
Coast Guard Certification... We have a  
Bill of Sale...for your boat...

FRECCIA  
And how'd you like to see something  
pretty...?

HE HEFTS A HEAVY BAG ONTO THE TABLE, OPENS IT, WE SEE IT IS  
FULL OF CASH.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

FRECCIA

Hey, that's a hell of a girl, where'd you  
ever get a girl like that?

MOORE

I won her in a raffle. I'm sorry'z hell  
about that diesel leak...would you like a  
cuppa coffee... Fran...?

\*

HE TURNS TOWARD FRAN, HE SEES SOMETHING.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE PILE OF "GO AWAY" STUFF, VALISES, DUFFLES, SIGNS, ETC.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE MOTIONS FRAN TO COVER THEM.

FRAN TAKES A SHEET OF TARP AND COVERS THE INCRIMINATING  
MATERIAL AS MOORE AND FRECCIA TALK AT THE TABLE, SHE MOVES TO  
A SINK, AND BEGINS FILLING A PERCOLATOR.

FRECCIA

(in the b.g.)

And I want you to do this for me: lookit  
this...

(shows a sheet of paper)

This is what I want for a figurehead.  
It's Robin Hood. Robin Hood. Whaddaya  
think...?

ANGLE

ON FRAN. SHE LOOKS OUT OF THE OPEN OVERHEAD DOOR.

56A EXT. FRAN'S POV - MARINA #1/BACK BOAT YARD - NIGHT

56A

THE FORM OF A MAN, MOVING IN THE SHADOW.

57 INT. PLANNING SHED - NIGHT 57 \*

ANGLE AS MOORE MOVES STEALTHILY THROUGH IT. HE SQUEEZES \*  
THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO THE ADJOINING BOATSHED. HE STOPS AND \*  
UNSCREWS AN UNILLUMINATED LIGHTBULB. \*

57A INT. ADJOINING BOATSHED - NIGHT 57A \*

A MAN'S SHADOW THROWN ON THE SIDE OF A VERY LARGE CRUISER \*

ANGLE ON MOORE

LOOKING AT IT. HE ADVANCES LOOKING IN EVERY DIRECTION FOR \*  
DANGER. HE PEEKS UNDER A BOAT WHICH IS UP ON BLOCKS. \*

ANGLE HIS POV \*

A MAN'S LEGS \*

ANGLE \*

ON MOORE \*

AS HE COMES AROUND THE END OF THE BOAT. \*

58 EXT. MARINA #1 - BEHIND MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT 58 \*

A MAN, HALF SEEN, HIDING BEHIND THE SHED DOOR. IN THE B.G. \*  
FRAN, SEEN IN THE OPEN DOORWAY OF THE MACHINE SHED. \*

ANGLE ON MOORE, AS HE THROWS THE LIGHTBULB BEYOND THE HIDING \*  
MAN. \*

WE SEE THE LIGHTBULB BURST AND HEAR A SOUND LIKE A GUNSHOT. \*

ANGLE ON THE MAN, AS HE BACKS INTO THE DOORWAY. HE IS GRABBED \*  
FROM BEHIND. \*

ANGLE \*

ON MOORE, AS HE HEAVES THE MAN AROUND THE DOOR, AND THROWS \*  
HIM AGAINST THE WALL. A GUN TO HIS HEAD, AND FRISKS HIM. HE \*  
PATS THE MAN DOWN, TURNS HIM AROUND, LOOKING RIGHT AND LEFT \*  
FOR ADDITIONAL ADVERSARIES AS HE DOES SO. \*

MOORE \*  
(to the man/whispering) \*  
...you alone...you alone...are you \*  
alone...? \*

MOORE LOOKS BACK TO DISCOVER THAT THE MAN IS JIMMY SILK. \*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

58A INT. MARINA #1/MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

58A

SILK

You said the joint was burnt... The  
joint's burnt... I didn't want...

MOORE MOTIONS "TELEPHONE" TO FRAN.

ANGLE

ON FRAN. AS SHE GOES TO THE PHOTO OF HER, WHICH IS IN THE  
PILE, TAKES OUT FRECCIA'S CARD, AND STARTS CALLING THE NUMBER  
AT THE WALLPHONE.

ANGLE ON MOORE AND SILK

SILK (CONT'D)

I'm trine a look out, for you and the  
little lady...

MOORE LOOKS AT FRAN, WHO HOLDS THE "FRECCIA" CARD.

FRAN SHAKES HER HEAD.

MOORE

Try him again.

FRAN DOES SO.

SILK

What does this little lady see in you,  
anyway, you must be hung like Man of  
War...?

MOORE GRABS SILK AND THROWS HIM UP AGAINST THE WALL. TOOLS  
FALL. HE TRIES TO CHOKE SILK. SILK GETS A PALM UNDER MOORE'S  
CHIN, AND FORCES MOORE AWAY. HE TAKES A SWIPE AT MOORE, WHO  
THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND. SILK LANDS ON SOME HARD OBJECTS,  
AND WINCES.

MOORE

You wanna play the dozens? Here you go:  
There was an error at the Hospital, you  
died at birth. Your turn...

HE ADVANCES ON SILK, BRANDISHING A LENGTH OF PIPE.

FRAN

Joe... leave him...

(CONTINUED)

HE CHASES SILK, WHO IS SCOOTING BACKWARDS ON THE FLOOR, SILK  
SCOOTs INTO THE TARP-COVERED PILE OF "GO AWAY" STUFF. HE  
PULLS DOWN THE TARP, AND LOOKS AT THE ARTIFACTS. BEAT.

SILK  
You going somewhere...

MOORE  
What are you, the Social Service Lady?

SILK  
You thinking of going somewhere?

MOORE  
What're you, come to Take the Baby  
Back...?

ANGLE ON SILK AS HE STANDS, AND DUSTS HIMSELF OFF.

SILK  
You can't run.  
(pause)  
You got to do the job.  
(pause)  
Joe. You know that you got to... You know  
you do. Can you shoot me, and walk away  
from it? You know they'll hunt you down.

FRAN  
Shoot him.

MOORE  
I can't go down there with nothing.

SILK  
Joe...?

MOORE GESTURES TOWARD THE PHONE, WHICH FRAN STILL HOLDS.

MOORE  
Freccia?

FRAN  
He won't answer. He's gone.

SILK  
What're you gonna do?

MOORE  
I'm gonna be Don Ameche in a taxi, honey.  
Get out.

(CONTINUED)

61 INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT.

61

FRAN, STANDING NEAR AN OLD UTILITY SINK, ABOVE WHICH, AN OLD HANDWRITTEN SIGN: BOXERS ARE ORDINARY MEN WITH EXTRAORDINARY DETERMINATION.

SHE IS WASHING OUT AN OLD JUICE GLASS.

ANGLE:

MOORE, AND BLANE, SITTING AROUND THE OLD BOXING RING, NEXT TO AN OLD HEAVYBAG COVERED IN WORN, MOROCCO-LIKE LEATHER, IN A DISTINCTIVE DARK RED. ON A RUSTED SET OF SUPPORTS.

\*

62 INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

62

\*

ANGLE - FRAN, STANDING NEAR SOME OLD DILAPIDATED BOXING EQUIPMENT. IN THE B.G., WE HEAR BLANE AND MOORE TALKING.

MOORE

Okay... Look: Okay, Listen to this.

BLANE

The nephew don't come back in the first place, you're down on some Tropic Isle.

MOORE

I got an idea.

BLANE

You should've left him, on the side of the road.

MOORE

Yeah, well, you shunt've left him with the plans.

BLANE

What plans?

ANGLE - FRAN, AS SHE ENTERS THE ROOM. SHE GOES TO A CABINET, AND POURS BOOZE INTO HER JUICE GLASS.

MOORE

He forgot his "cheat sheet." S'why he came back.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

I'm the Go-Getter. You tell me what you want me to go get.

MOORE

I need you to suit up. Is that alright?

FRAN

If you say it, it's right.

MOORE NODS, TURNS TO BLANE, TO BEGIN GIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

HOLD ON FRAN IN THE F.G. AS SHE DRINKS HER DRINK.

MOORE (AS HE LOOKS TO BLANE, AS IF HE FORGOT HIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT, I.E. "WHERE DID WE LEAVE IT...?")

BLANE

You need to put it off for a month.

MOORE

...the date of next month's shipment.  
Now: I need a freight-forwarder...

BLANE

(as he writes)

A freight forwarder...yes...

MOORE

I need a customs broker...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAN

He'll do the job next month. He needs a month.

(pause)

BERGMAN

Izzat the thing...

FRAN

Izzat what I just told you?

BERGMAN

(as he walks away from her/to Laszlo)

Fill up her fucken drink. She seems to like it.

BERGMAN MOTIONS SILK TO HIS SIDE. THEY WALK INTO A...

64 CONTINUED:

BERGMAN

Well, no, but, but as Rational Men, don't we have to "doubt" her?

SILK

She thinks the guy's weak, she's scared, I think she's sincere.

BERGMAN

Then, let me put a question to you: You had the job... you had the job... how would you test her sincerity?

65 INT. BERGMAN'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

65

ANGLE - FRAN, TAKING A LONG PULL FROM A BIG DRINK, AS BERGMAN AND SILK RE-EMERGE.

BERGMAN

Okay, we're All On One Team, all arrayed against a Common Enemy? Thank you for coming, I'm an old Man, I'm going to bed...

SILK

(to Fran, as she starts for the door)

I'm going to see you back.

SILK TAKES HER BY THE ARM. HE WALKS HER TOWARD THE DOOR. SHE STUMBLES A BIT, AND RECOVERS.

FRAN

I'm gonna be alright.

SILK

Hey, you're alright now...

FRAN

Am I?

SILK

Oh yeah. You just need somebody to lean on.

THEY STOP AT THE FRONT DOOR. FRAN OPENS THE DOOR.

FRAN

So, so, your guys will do the job?

SILK

Oh, yeah, we're gonna do the whole thing.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

\*

67 OMITTED

67

\*

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

70A OMITTED

70A

71 EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. SECURITY TRUCK - BLANE &amp; SILK - DAWN

71

BLANE

Sometimes, the adrenaline hits you, gives  
you the shakes...

SILK

I'm all right.

BLANE

I'm saying, some people, adrenaline,  
gives 'em the shakes... some people,  
mistake it for cowardice... Maybe you  
wanna pray about it.  
(pause)

\*  
\*

SILK

I'm not a religious man.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

BLANE BENDS DOWN, REACHES INSIDE. GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, AND TWISTS THE DIAL ON THE TIMING DEVICE. WE SEE A BULB ON THE DEVICE GLOW YELLOW.

BLANE STARTS TO WALK BACK DOWN THE HILL TO THE STATIONWAGON. WE HEAR A PLANE GO BY OVERHEAD.

AS BLANE WALKS BACK DOWN THE HILL WE SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT THE TRUCK IS FITTED OUT AS A SECURITY VAN.

72 OMITTED

72

73 OMITTED

73

74 OMITTED

74

75 OMITTED

75

76 EXT. AIRPORT DRIVETHRU - DAY

76

\*

FRAN AND MOORE IN A STATIONWAGON.

MOORE

Showtime, circus time...

FRAN

Uh huh. Yeah.

MOORE

...you doin'...?

SHE NODS. HE PUTS A HAND ON HER NECK. SHE SMILES, EXPECTING AN EMBRACE. SHE BEGINS TO MOVE SLIGHTLY TOWARD HIM. SHE STOPS, HE IS FEELING HER PULSE.

MOORE (cont'd)

Yeah, you're doin' fine.

MOORE EXITS THE CAR -- WALKS OVER A STEAMING PATCH OF NEWLY LAID ASPHALT.

THE ROAD CREW IS NEARBY ON A COFFEE BREAK.

76A EXT. FRAN AND MOORE'S POV - AIRPORT DRIVE THRU - DAY

76A

ANGLE

OVER THE STEAMROLLER, THE COFFEETRUCK.

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED: (2)

MOORE

What?

BETTY CROFT

Don't fire me.

MOORE

What are you talking about.

BETTY CROFT

Don't fire me. Please. I know, you're  
with the F.A.A.

MOORE THINKS FOR A MOMENT, PULLS BETTY CROFT TO THE FRONT OF  
THE TRUCK NEAR THE TAR POT, FROM WHICH FUMES RISE. THEY SEEK  
SOME SHELTER.

\*  
\*

BETTY CROFT (cont'd)

Don't fire me.

MOORE

Miss Croft, you're drinking on the job,  
you're done...

MOORE PULLS HER FURTHER AWAY FROM THE TRUCK AND BYSTANDERS.  
HE TAKES OUT HIS F.A.A. BADGE AND I.D. CARRIER, INTO WHICH WE  
SEE FOLDED HIS NOTEBOOK AND AN "OFFICIAL-LOOKING" PAPER, ONTO  
WHICH HE MAKES NOTES.

\*

BETTY CROFT

Please, mister. I've got two kids at  
home. Please, mister.

MOORE

Gimme your keys and badge.

BETTY CROFT

(as she hands over the items)

Mister, I need a break...

(pause)

I'm begging you. I swear on my life. I  
swear to you on my life that I will never  
take another drink. I'm begging you for a  
break. Don't fire me. Did you ever ask  
anyone for a break...? Do you have kids?

\*

PAUSE.

MOORE

Ah, Christ...

(pause)

At 6 a.m.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED: (4)

MOORE

You go along with the gag.

BETTY CROFT

I will.

MOORE

Until I stand you down.

BETTY CROFT

I will, mister, I swear to God. Thank  
you... thank you, I...

MOORE

(he takes her half pint away  
from her)

And you're going into the Program...

MOORE TAKES THE HALF-PINT FROM HER POCKET AND WALKS AWAY.

BETTY CROFT

I will, I swear.

ON BETTY CROFT, AT THE COFFEETRUCK. THE TAR POT FUMES RISE.  
SHE STARTS TO RETCH.

COFFEETRUCK OWNER

...you alright...?

ANGLE

ON BETTY AS SHE NODS, OBVIOUSLY UNWELL.

THE GATE RISES AND A TRUCK EXITS.

77 EXT. AIRPORT DRIVE THRU - DAY

77 \*

BETTY CROFT WALKS BACK TOWARD THE AIRPORT SECURITY SHED. WE SEE THE COFFEEBREAK BREAK UP, THE PAVING GUYS MOVE BACK TO THEIR EQUIPMENT. MOORE WALKS PAST SEVERAL WORKINGMEN LOUNGING AT PICNIC TABLES, FINISHING THEIR COFFEE. TWO ROAD-CREW REPAIRMEN JABBER. THE GROUP STARTS TO DISPERSE. ONE MAN LOUNGES NEXT TO A TOOL CASE. AS HE TURNS, WE SEE IT IS PINCUS. MOORE THROWS THE HALF-PINT INTO A TRASHCAN, PICKS UP THE TOOL CASE SITTING ON THE TABLE, WALKS OFF. HOLD ON PINCUS DOING A CROSSWORD PUZZLE IN THE BOSTON HERALD. PINCUS TURNS AND FLIPS OPEN THE NEWSPAPER. IT BLOWS IN THE WIND.

ANGLE

IN THE SECURITY TRUCK SOME WAYS DOWN THE ROAD, WE SEE SILK AND BLANE, AS THEY WATCH BLANE NODS TO SILK "DRIVE ON."

(CONTINUED)

78 OMITTED 78

79 EXT. AIRPORT SECURITY SHED - SECURITY GATE - DAY 79 \*

MOORE ENTERS THE SHED WITH HIS TOOL KIT. \*

79A INT. AIRPORT SECURITY SHED - SECURITY GATE - DAY 79A \*

A YOUNG MAN, AT THE X-RAY MACHINE, IN A US CUSTOMS UNIFORM.

BEAT.

MOORE

Morning...

THE YOUNG MAN NODS AT HIM.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Where's Betty?

YOUNG GUARD \*

What? \*

MOORE \*

Where's your Supervisor? \*

YOUNG GUARD \*

She went f'ra cuppa coffee...

MOORE

Yeah, it's that time of day...

80 EXT. AIRPORT DRIVE THRU - COFFEE TRUCK - DAY 80

BY THE PICNIC TABLE. PINCUS, WAITING. \*

ANGLE: PINCUS LOOKS BACK, HE BRIGHTENS.

ANGLE MOORE, LOOKING AT PINCUS, GIVES HIM THE WAVE OFF.

MOORE LOOKS AROUND. AS MOORE WALKS UP TO THE COFFEETRUCK

OWNER, THE TRUCK OWNER IS CLOSING UP THE COFFEETRUCK, THE

PAVERS ARE PAVING THE DRIVE-UP AREA.

MOORE \*

(to owner) \*

What happened to Betty Croft...?

COFFEETRUCK OWNER

Yeah, I think she's sick.

MOORE \*

Gimme a cup, willya...? \*

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

ANGLE: MOORE, LOOKING BACK AT THE SECURITY GATE.

MOORE (CONT'D) \*  
(to owner)  
I ain't feeling too good myself. Gimme  
one of those, willya...?

THE OWNER HANDS DOWN A ZIPLOCK PACKAGE OF VITAMINS TO MOORE.  
HE STARTS ON THE COFFEE.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
...leave room for a lot of milk.

ANGLE: ON PINCUS, AT THE CURB. HE SEES SOMETHING, TURNS  
BACK TO MOORE TO GET HIS ATTENTION.

ANGLE: MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD. \*

ANGLE: PINCUS SIGNALLING 'NO' TO SECURITY TRUCK. \*

ANGLE MOORE, LOOKING, HEADS TO SECURITY SHED. \*

80A EXT. MOORE'S POV - AIRPORT DRIVE THRU - DAY

80A

ANGLE:

THE SECURITY TRUCK, APPROACHING THE ARRIVALS DRIVE-THROUGH. \*

81 EXT/INT. SECURITY TRUCK - DAY

81

INSIDE THE SECURITY TRUCK. BLANE AND SILK, IN "SECURITY"  
UNIFORMS. THEY'VE BEEN GIVEN THE 'NO' SIGNAL. \*

SILK TURNS TO BLANE, INQUISITIVELY.

82 EXT. AIRPORT DRIVE THRU - DAY

82

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

MOORE NODS, AND BEGINS TO PROCEED TOWARD THAT DOOR, HE THEN TAKES HIS SET OF KEYS, WHICH HE TOOK FROM BETTY CROFT, AND USES THEM TO OPEN THE BARREL-LOCKED DOOR TO THE GUARD AREA. HE EMPTIES HIS CUP OF COFFEE, TAKES FROM IT A SMALL ZIPLOCK BAG, AND TAKES FROM THE BAG THE SMALL AUTO PISTOL, AND POINTS IT AT THE GUARD. \*

ANGLE:

ON THE SECURITY GUARD, AS HE TURNS AND REACHES FOR A PANIC BUTTON.

(CONTINUED)

88 OMITTED 88  
89 OMITTED 89  
90 OMITTED 90  
91 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY 91

THE TAIL OF THE PLANE WITH A HUGE SWISS CROSS A PART OF ITS LOGO.

CAMERA PANS TO SHOW IT IS A CARGO PLANE, MARKED PANHELVETICA.

92 INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY 92

A SUPERVISOR, WALKS DOWN A ROW OF CONTROLLERS.

CONTROLLER  
...a request for Panhelvetica...

SUPERVISOR  
They are cleared.

93 OMITTED 93 \*

94 INT. JET COCKPIT - DAY 94

THE PILOT AND THE COPILOT CONVERSE IN GERMAN.

PILOT  
[JOKE (in German) - TO COME]

PILOT HEARS SOMETHING ON HEADPHONES, AND RESPONDS.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
PanHelvetica 242.  
(to co-pilot)  
Let's head for the barn.  
PanHelvetica 242, requests permission to  
take the active.  
(to Copilot in German)  
Let's go.

95 EXT. AIRPORT CARGO AREA - DAY 95

THE WHEELS OF THE PLANE BEGIN TO MOVE, IN THE B.G. WE SEE THE SECURITY TRUCK, MOVING TOWARD THE PLANE.

NOTE: THERE IS NO LONGER A PAGE 72A

\*

100 CONTINUED:

SUPERVISOR (cont'd)  
Hit the alarm... Gimme Logan... Roll the  
trucks...

101 OMITTED

101 \*

102 INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY

102

SUPERVISOR  
Ground hold --  
(he is handed a PHONE)  
Hello, Logan, we have...

CONTROLLER  
...we're losing the, we lost the  
localizer. (RADAR/ELECTRONIC JARGON T.K.)

SUPERVISOR  
We have lost our G.C.A. and...

PAN DOWN TO TWO SCREENS, SHOWING TWO ASPECTS OF THE TARMAC.  
IN ONE WE SEE OUR SECURITY TRUCK, RUNNING RIGHT TO LEFT,  
WHILE IN THE B.G. WE SEE AIRPORT FIRETRUCKS DEPLOYING...

102A INT. SECURITY TRUCK - DAY

102A \*

THE TRUCK. WE HEAR, ON A LOUDSPEAKER: Attention Attention...  
AND A KLAXON. MOORE NODS, AND GETS UP INTO THE TRUCK.

\*  
\*

102B EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

102B

THE TAIL OF THE SWISS PLANE, THE LARGE LOGO IN THE B.G., THE  
FIRE, SMOKE BILLOWING UP TO THE SKY. IN THE B.G. THE SECURITY  
TRUCK APPROACHING.

102C INT. COCKPIT OF THE SWISS PLANE - DAY

102C

THE TWO PILOTS.

102D EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

102D

THE SMOKE BILLOWING, A PLANE COMES INTO THE SHOT, WE SEE THE  
SWISS LOGO ON THE TAIL, THE PLANE COMES TO CAMERA AND TURNS  
TO SHOW US THE COCKPIT, AND THE PILOTS, LOOKING AT THE SMOKE.

103 INT. COCKPIT OF THE SWISS PLANE - DAY

103

PILOT  
(in German)  
What the hell...?

(CONTINUED)

110 INT. JET COCKPIT - DAY

110 \*

MOORE ENTERS THE PLANE - OPENS THE DOOR TO THE COCKPIT. FROM  
INSIDE THE CARGO AREA: WE SEE THE COPILOT GO BACK.

\*  
\*

MOORE

Cut your engines. Kill your radio, kill  
your radar, keep your A.P.U... We have a  
report that you may have an explosive  
device on board. Our bomb team is...

\*

\*

CO-PILOT

You say there is a report of a bomb...?

MOORE

If you will just....

PILOT

How seriously do...

MOORE

However serious it is, sir, the risks  
will be lessened if you will just shut  
down...

PILOT

I have shut down the radar, I would like  
to exit the plane...

BELOW THEM WE SEE THE VAN REPOSITIONING ITSELF NEAR THE CARGO  
DOOR.

MOORE

Sir, my instructions are...

PILOT

Excuse me, I...

HE TRIES TO PUSH PAST MOORE, MOORE KNOCKS OUT PILOT AND CO-  
PILOT.

\*  
\*

\*

\*

BLANE JUMPS UP FROM VAN INTO PLANE.

(CONTINUED)

TROOPER

Who's got the duty...?

PINCUS

Well, who do you think's got the duty,  
Troop?

TROOPER

Where's your supervisor?

PINCUS

Code Seven.

TROOPER

You want to let me in?

PINCUS

I had electric power, that is what I'd  
do.

TROOPER

They cut your power?

PINCUS

They told me, cut it off. They had a  
sixteen-twelve. N'everybody sit tight.  
What the hell is going on?

TROOPER

They lost the...

(holds walkie-talkie to his  
ear)Somebody blew up the Localizer shed, on  
Three-Two...

PINCUS

Get the fuck outta here...s'prob'ly just  
the radar overheated.\*  
\*TROOPER MOTIONS "HOLD ON" AS HE HOLDS THE WALKIE TO HIS EAR,  
AND JABBERS SOMETHING INTO IT.

TROOPER

No. It's gone.

\*

114 OMITTED

114

115 OMITTED

115

116 EXT. CARGO JET/SECURITY TRUCK - DAY

116

THE THREE MEN MANOEUVRE THE LAST CRATE INTO THE FAKE ENGINE.

\*

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

WE SEE BLANE REACH HIS ASSAULT WEAPON AROUND IN FRONT OF HIM.

MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO."

(CONTINUED)

123A EXT. AIRPORT SECURITY SHED - DAY 123A \*

PINCUS REHABILLING HIMSELF, GETS INTO THE STATIONWAGON WITH \*  
FRAN AND MOTIONS TO DRIVE OFF. FRAN DOES SO. \*

124 OMITTED 124

125 OMITTED 125

126 EXT. AIRPORT DRIVE THRU - DAY 126

ANGLE INT. THE SECURITY VAN. THE MEN MOVING PAST THE SECURITY  
SHED. THEY SMILE, AND LOOK.

ANGLE THEIR POV

THE STEAMROLLER HAS STOPPED ON THE STEAMING ASPHALT.

BEYOND WE SEE THE STATIONWAGON DRIVING AWAY. \*

127 EXT/INT. SECURITY TRUCK - DAY 127

BLANE HITS THE HORN.

128 EXT. AIRPORT DRIVE THRU - DAY 128

ANGLE - AT THE STEAMROLLER:

THE DRIVER HAS GOTTEN DOWN AND HAS TAKEN A LONG TOOL AND IS  
ADJUSTING SOMETHING ON THE STEAMROLLER.

ANGLE

ON THE MEN IN THE CAB. BEAT. MOORE GETS OUT, HOLDING HIS  
MAGAZINE, AS HE WALKS TOWARD THE STEAMROLLER.

THE STEAMROLLER DRIVER GESTURES "ONE MINUTE" AND WAVES AT  
MOORE WHO WAVES BACK AND STARTS BACK TOWARD THE VAN.

ANGLE

MOORE WALKING TOWARD THE VAN, NODS "OKAY" TO THE MEN IN THE  
VAN.

NOTE: THERE IS NO LONGER A PAGE 81A. \*

(CONTINUED)

XCU

BETTY CROFT (V.O.)  
Stop that man...

\*  
\*

ANGLE XCU

\*

BETTY CROFT SCREAMING, AS SHE WALKS TOWARD MOORE.

\*

BETTY CROFT (CONT'D)  
(trying to keep up with him, as  
he starts back toward the  
truck)  
Oh, please... please, I'm so sorry. I  
was ill... I was ill... Please... I've  
had this job seventeen years... don't  
grade me down... I swear, I swear, I  
didn't tell anyone... please...

ANGLE - THE TROOPER APPROACHES FROM THE SECURITY SHED.

\*

AS HE HEARS THE RUCKUS, AND TURNS. HE HESITATES, AND THEN  
ADVANCES TOWARD MOORE, ET AL.

\*

ANGLE:

MOORE ABSENTLY ROLLS THE MAGAZINE LENGTHWISE, AS HE TALKS.

\*

MOORE  
....Look, Lady, Look, I've got to get on  
with the...

BETTY CROFT  
(turning to the Policeman)  
Don't let him get in the car.  
Forgodsake, don't let him get in the...

ANGLE ON MOORE, TRYING TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF FROM BETTY CROFT.

SOUND OF A VERY LOUD KLAXON.

ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

PINCUS

(into cellphone)

I got a broke-down truck, excuse me, I called, could I speak to your supervisor please...? I got one of your trucks, engine failure, I called first at Five, five twenty, this... this is my fourth call... right outside the Airport.

(pause)

Industrial and two-oh seventh, I... Yes, thank you. I'm an attorney... could I have your name please...? Could I have your name, as I am going to....

(pause)

(to Moore)

Two three minutes, it's on its way.

SILK AND BLANE BEGIN TO PEEL THE "SKINS" OFF THE SECURITY TRUCK, REVEALING THE LOGO, UNDERNEATH, OF THE RENTAL COMPANY.

MOORE AND BLANE THROW THEIR COVERALLS INTO THE FAKE ENGINE COMPARTMENT, INSIDE WHICH WE SEE THE CONTAINERS MARKED C.N. DE G. WITH THE BEAR LOGO.

ANGLE:

ON BLANE, AS HE REMOVES THE LICENSE PLATES, REVEALING ANOTHER SET UNDERNEATH. WE SEE A SECOND SET OF LICENSE PLATES.

FRAN

You score...?

MOORE TAKES GOLDBAR AND GIVES IT TO PINCUS.

PINCUS

Go sell chocolate, you heidi motherfuckers. 'Go sell cuckoo clocks, We Got Your Gold.

MOORE TAKES THE GOLDBAR BACK, POCKETS IT. \*

MOORE

We got two minutes to set up before that towtruck...

[NOTE: THERE IS NO LONGER A PAGE 84A.]

(CONTINUED)

SILK  
...you're burnt.

MOORE  
Then we'll all go together.

SILK  
I do not see the percentage...

MOORE  
You don't have to, Baby...

FRAN  
...you can't make the Roadblock Joe?

SILK  
You're burnt, for chrissake. You're  
fucken burnt, Old Man...

MOORE  
I go with the gold.

SILK  
What're you, telling your Beads, "I go  
with the Gold" ... Look here: You tell  
me: What're they gonna be looking harder  
at? You tell me, you here with us, or  
you in an empty car.  
(pause)  
You tell me. You tell me. You follow  
us. Through the roadblock. For  
chrissake...  
(pause)

MOORE TURNS TO BLANE.

BLANE  
You're burnt, Joe. That cop you slugged  
comes through they're gonna have him at  
the roadblock. You're burnt, it's the  
wise thing.

MOORE LOOKS TO FRAN.

MOORE  
Get in the van. Stay with the gold. It's  
alright. I'll meet you at the rendezvous.

FRAN TAKES A BEAT. NODS.

FRAN  
Keys to the car... Keys to the car...  
(she hands keys to Moore)

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

133A INT/EXT. AIRPORT EQUIPMENT SHED - DAY

133A

SILK IS STRUGGLING OUT OF HIS COVERALLS.

TO FRAN, WHO IS GETTING INTO THE VAN, WAITING FOR HIM. SILK LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

SILK

Go: You're gonna miss the towtruck...  
I'll be right out...

FRAN AND MOORE EXCHANGE A LOOK. FRAN DRIVES OFF THROUGH THE DOOR. WE SEE HER DRIVE ACROSS THE STREET IN THE VAN.

SILK FINISHES CHANGING. HE AND MOORE WALK TOWARD THE DOOR.

SILK (CONT'D)

It's the smart thing.

\*

SILK LOOKS OUT.

SILK (cont'd)

Ohmigod...she missed the Towtruck...

MOORE LEANS OUT TO LOOK. SILK CLOUTS HIM ON THE HEAD. SILK HITS THE BUTTON TO LOWER THE OVERHEAD DOOR. THE DOOR STARTS TO DESCEND.

SILK BEGINS TO DRAG MOORE'S BODY BACK INSIDE THE SHED.

SILK LEANS DOWN, TAKES THE KEYS FROM MOORE'S POCKET. HE FINDS THE INGOT AND TAKES IT FROM MOORE.

\*

\*

SILK WALKS THROUGH THE DESCENDING GATE. IN THE B.G. WE SEE FRAN WHO IS JUST MANOEUVERING THE RENTAL TRUCK INTO POSITION.

ANGLE

OVER THE FALLEN MOORE ONTO SILK, HURRYING TOWARD THE TRUCK.

FRAN

What kind of people try to look calm...?

THE COPS APPROACH WARILY, FLANKING THE VAN.

OFFICER ONE

Step away from the van please...?

SILK

Hey, what's happening?

OFFICER ONE

GET AWAY FROM THE VAN.

OFFICER TWO

(to Silk)

Kneel in the road with your back to me.

Put your hands on your head...

OFFICER ONE MOVES TOWARD THE BACK DOOR.

OFFICER ONE

What's in that van?

FRAN

Ma, marine equipment.

OFFICER ONE

Open it.

FRAN

It's unlocked.

OFFICER ONE

OPEN IT.

FRAN MOVES TO THE VAN, AS THE OFFICER LEVELS HIS SHOTGUN TOWARD THE VAN. FRAN OPENS THE BACK DOOR.

ANGLE INT. THE VAN, WE SEE THE LARGE ENGINE.

OFFICER ONE (cont'd)

What is that...?

FRAN

It's an engine.

THE OFFICERS EXCHANGE A LOOK. OFFICER TWO MOTIONS SILK TO RISE. IN THE B.G. WE SEE A SECOND COP CAR PULL UP, AND BE WAVED ON. AS THIS HAPPENS, WE SEE THE TOW TRUCK COME INTO POSITION, AND BEGIN TO BACK UP, FLASHERS ET AL. WORKING.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (3)

136

SILK GOES TO CLOSE UP THE BACK. OFFICER ONE SIGNALS OFFICER TWO THAT IT'S ALRIGHT. FRAN CLOSES THE BACK, AND STARTS TOWARD THE FRONT, WHERE OFFICER TWO IS CLOSING THE HOOD.

\*

THE OFFICER THINKS, SMILES, MOTIONS TO HIS PARTNER.

137 OMITTED

137

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

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page 90.  
140

\*

(CONTINUED)

142 EXT. AIRPORT SECURITY SHED - DAY 142  
THE ROADBLOCK, SEVERAL CARS AND TRUCKS LINED UP, TRYING TO  
GET THROUGH.

143 EXT. AIRPORT ACCESS ROAD - ROADBLOCK - DAY 143  
AT THE ROADBLOCK, COPS WITH SHOTGUNS, SEVERAL CARS  
ENDEAVORING TO GET THROUGH. THE TOWTRUCK APPROACHES, ONE COP  
GETS A CALL ON A WALKIE, AND BEGINS TO WAVE THE TOWTRUCK  
THROUGH AND AROUND.

144 EXT. AIRPORT EQUIPMENT SHED - DAY 144  
MOORE, EXITING FROM THE SHED. HE RUBS HIS HEAD, IN THE B.G.  
WE SEE THE VAN WAVED THROUGH THE ROADBLOCK. MOORE WALKS OFF.

DISSOLVE TO:

145 INT. RENTAL TRUCK - DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 145  
RAIN. SILK DRIVING, FRAN RIDING SHOTGUN.

146 OMITTED 146

147 INT. RENTAL TRUCK - NIGHT 147  
ANGLE - SILK AND FRAN:

\*

(CONTINUED)

FRAN  
I need a drink.

\*

SILK  
What the hell did he think he was going  
to go home with the gold? In what Fairy  
Tale. Only one didn't know that was him.  
That old man. Needed someone, siddown,  
draw it for him on a napkin. N'you went  
with it. All the way. Was you joking? You  
answer me, cause I'm going to tell you  
what we could do with all that gold...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAN  
I need a drink, pull over...

\*

SILK  
Nothing simpler.

\*  
\*  
\*

148 EXT. RENTAL TRUCK - NIGHT

148

OUT OF THE WINDOW OF THE VAN WE SEE THE ROADSIDE DINER. SILK  
STARTS TO PULL OVER. AS HE DOES WE SEE, THROUGH THEIR POV, A  
NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE TROOPER'S CAR PARKED OUTSIDE THE DINER.

\*  
\*  
\*

SILK STEERS BACK ONTO THE ROAD.

\*

149 INT. RENTAL TRUCK - NIGHT

149

ANGLE HIS POV

\*

A SEMI TRUCK, COMING TOWARD THEM.

\*

ANGLE INT. THE VAN, AS SILK WRENCHES THE WHEEL.

\*

SILK  
Uh-oh.

(CONTINUED)

SILK TAKES A FLASHLIGHT FROM THE TRUCK, WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, GLANCES BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE COP CAR.

SILK

Walk away? Are you crazy, we got to...

HE STARTS TO KNEEL DOWN....

SILK (CONT'D)

The truck's clean, for chrissake, the truck's clean, We're gonna walkaway from all this gold...?

INSERT: HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE OBJECTS HE IS PICKING UP, WHICH ARE STREWN OVER THE WET GROUND. \*

ANGLE, HIS POV \*

THE GROUND IS STREWN WITH DULL METAL WASHERS. \*

HE PICKS UP ONE, AND THEN ANOTHER. \*

A LIGHT PLAYS OVER HIM, AND WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A TRUCK HORN. \*

SILK REACHES IN HIS POCKET AND TAKES OUT THE GOLD BAR. IT SLIPS FROM HIS WET HANDS. \*

ANGLE INS. \*

IT HAS FALLEN INTO A SMALL PUDDLE, INTO A BUNCH OF ROCKS. \*

ANGLE \*

SILK PICKS IT UP, WE SEE IT IS CHIPPED, THE FALL ON THE ROCK HAS CHIPPED SOME OF THE PAINT. SILK USES HIS FINGERNAIL TO STRIP AWAY MORE OF THE PAINT, REVEALING IT TO BE DULL LEAD. \*

SOUND OF TRUCKS BRAKES -- STEAM BRAKES LETTING OFF STEAM. \*

SILK LOOKS AROUND. HE CLIMBS UP THE BANK. \*

ANGLE \*

ON THE HIGHWAY. \*

FRAN, WAVING DOWN A SEMI-TRUCK, WHICH IS STOPPING. \*

IN THE B.G. WE SEE SILK, COME UP THE BANK. \*

ANGLE ON SILK, AS HE RUNS AFTER FRAN \*

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

\*

154 OMITTED

154 \*

158 EXT. AIRPORT CARGO LOADING DOCK - NIGHT. 158

THE TRUCK BACKS UP TO A LOADING DOCK. MOORE AND BLANE EXIT AND WALK INTO THE LOADING DOCK.

159 EXT. TARMAC CARGO APRON - NIGHT. 159 \*

A GUARD HANDS A SHEET OF PAPER TO BLANE.

MOORE AND BLANE WALK UP TO A SMALL GROUP OF COVERALLED WORKERS, AND TWO COPS. MEN ON FORKLIFTS WORK IN THE BACKGROUND.

BLANE PRESENTS A SHEAF OF PAPERWORK TO ONE OF THE COVERALLED MEN.

HE LOOKS AROUND, AS IF CONFUSED BY THE POLICE ACTIVITY.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL  
(explaining)  
We had a robbery off the pll...

MOORE  
Off of my plane?

TROOPER LOOKS AT PAPERWORK.

TROOPER  
That's right.

MOORE  
(of his invoice; very concerned)  
Could you check my numbers, Please...?

TROOPER  
(overhearing)  
Yeah, no, they got what they came for,  
Pal. It wasn't yours...

MOORE LOOKS CONFUSED. HE TURNS TO THE COVERALLED OFFICIAL FOR HELP. THE OFFICIAL CONSULTS THE PAPERWORK, AND BIDS MOORE FOLLOWING HIM UP THE CONVEYOR.

160 OMITTED 160

161 EXT. TARMAC CARGO APRON - NIGHT 161 \*

PAN ACROSS TO SHOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT MOORE AND BLANE ARE ENTERING THE PANHELNETICA PLANE. SEVERAL WORKERS INSIDE, UNLOADING CRATES.

AS THE MOTHER ADJUSTS THE COLLAR ON THE CHILD. \*

MOTHER

...Uncle Don to get up so early in the morning. Walk you to the Bus Today.

PINCUS

Glad to do it, glad to do it, glad to do it.

MOTHER

(as Pincus gives her a peck on the cheek)  
...come over for dinner, Thursday.

PINCUS

Well, we're gonna have to see...

HE TAKES THE CHILD OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLE: TRACKING BACK BEFORE PINCUS AND THE GIRL, AS THEY WALK.

GIRL

...come to dinner.

PINCUS

We're gonna have to see.

GIRL

You always say that, and it means you won't.

PINCUS

Well, it's possible, it's possible, you see, that my 'business'...

GIRL

...uh-huh...

PINCUS

...that I might have to go 'traveling' for a while.

GIRL

Why can't you do your business here?

PINCUS

Wish I could, Baby. Fact is. Fact is: I got to get out of here, this morning.

(CONTINUED)

.64A CONTINUED:

LASZLO

Get in the fucken car.

165 INT. INDUSTRIAL BOATSHED (FOUNDRY) - DAY

165 \*

A HALF-OPEN CONTAINER, ON WHICH WE SEE A PEELING LABEL. THE LABEL READS "HIGH POINT FOUNDRY". BENEATH THIS LABEL WE SEE, ON THE METAL CONTAINER, STENCILLED, THE LETTERS "C. N. de G." CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING PAST A TABLE ON WHICH WE SEE THE BLACK METAL GOLDBOXES, HALF OPENED, AND, STACKED ON THE TABLE, GOLD INGOTS MARKED "C. N. DE G."

BEYOND WE SEE A LARGE MOLTEN OBJECT RISING.

ANGLE

TWO MEN IN HEAVY FIREMAN'S COATS, MANOEUVERING THE METAL CRUCIBLE, THEY POUR MOLTEN GOLD INTO LONG THIN MOULDS.

ONE OF THE MEN SIGNS "SEND THE HOIST." THE OTHER NODS AND WALKS OFF.

ANGLE

165A INT. SECOND FLOOR OF THE FOUNDRY - DAY

165A \*

MOORE COMES UP THE STAIRS, TAKING OFF HIS WELDER'S MASK.

HE STOPS BY A PILE OF GOLD BARS COVERED WITH A TARP. HE MAKES NOTE OF THE NUMBER OF GOLD BARS. HE SENDS THE HOIST DOWN TO BLANE BENEATH.

ANGLE HIS POV

BENEATH, BLANE RECEIVING THE HOIST: SIGNS "I NEED A DRINK."

166 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BOATSHED - DAY

166

MOORE NODS. CAMERA TAKES HIM OUT THE DOOR, WHERE WE DISCOVER WE ARE ON A BARGE AND OUR SAILBOAT IS MOORED NEXT TO IT. THERE IS A COOLER ON THE BARGE, MOORE TAKES OUT TWO BEERS, OPENS ONE, DRINKS FROM IT, AND STARTS BACK INSIDE WITH THE OTHER.

167 OMITTED

167 \*

168 INT. BERGMAN'S BACK ROOM - DAY

168

A STOREHOUSE, WALL-TO-WALL BOXES FULL OF HIGH-TICKET MERCHANDISE.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

BERGMAN

When we put it to you.

(pause)

You know when we put it to you, you're  
gone be telling us the gross national  
product of Bolivia.

PINCUS

...hey...

BERGMAN

You're gonna be telling us the area codes  
Belgium and Luxembourg...

PINCUS

Hey, look: Z'all I know...

INSERT: BERGMAN PICKS UP THE LEAD COLORED "GOLD."

ANGLE - BERGMAN:

BERGMAN

This is all you know. This is all you  
know... This is all you know. N've got  
you, going to St. Croix.

(holds up a ticket)

Where's your share? How do you pick up  
your share, and where's the meet?

WHERE'S THE MEET...?

BERGMAN PICKS UP THE "LEADEN"-GOLD BAR TO THREATEN PINCUS.

PINCUS

What're you, gonna hurt me...?

BERGMAN

Yeah, no, actually

(to Pincus)

No, I'm not going to hurt you. No. But  
tell a guy, m'fulla admiration. What was  
the deal? What was the deal?

PINCUS

The way you're looking at the deal, the  
deal was we get away with the gold. Cute  
huh?

BERGMAN

Yeah, no. It's charming. And then what?

PINCUS

We, uh, we "slip away."

(CONTINUED)

168A CONTINUED:

168A

169 EXT. SLOOP - DAY

169 \*

MOORE STANDING ON THE DECK OF THE SAILBOAT. HE PASSES A LARGE PILE OF RAILS COVERED BY AN OLD TARP. GREASY TOOLS LAY ATOP THE PILE. HE WIPES THE BRIGHT BRONZE RAIL, THE SUN GLINTS OFF OF IT.

BLANE WALKS OUT OF THE FOUNDRY ONTO THE SLOOP.

BLANE

Fran...?

MOORE

No, she's won't be calling in till she ditches the guy.

BLANE

How's she gonna ditch him?

MOORE

She could talk her way outta a sunburn.

BLANE WALKS BACK TOWARD THE TRUCK.

THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING. MOORE GOES TO HIS CELL PHONE AND PICKS IT UP.

170 INT. SERVICE STATION - RESTROOM - DAY

170

PINCUS, HOLDING A CELL PHONE TO HIS FACE, TALKS INTO HIS CELL PHONE.

PINCUS

(to phone)

Joe.

(pause)

...Yeah. How you doing?

(pause)

Just to check in.

(pause)

Fine. Finest kind.

(pause)

Yeah, no, I saw the truck go through, too. Innit. See you at the meet.

(CONTINUED)

175 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BOATSHED - PARKING LOT - DAY

175 \*

ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS OVER TO BLANE, STILL HOLDING THE PHONE.

MOORE  
Pinky Called.

BLANE  
Yeah; what's the report?

MOORE  
Pristine.

BLANE  
He said so, huh?

MOORE  
That's what he said.

BLANE  
Pristine, eh?

MOORE  
Yeah.

BLANE  
Well...  
(beat; Blane claps him on the  
shoulder)

HOLD. MOORE SHRUGS.

MOORE  
Good of him to keep in touch.  
(beat)  
Hey. I hate long good-byes.

BLANE STARTS TO WALK TOWARD HIS TRUCK.

\*

\*

176 INT. SAILBOAT - HOLD - DAY.

176

MOORE, REPLACING THE COVERING TO THE FAKE INTERIOR  
COMPARTMENT. HE CHECKS A CHART. AND STARTS UP ONTO THE  
DECK.

ANGLE ON MOORE AS HE TURNS. \*

ANGLE HIS POV \*

FROM THE MOST OUTBOUND END OF THE BARGE, THUG ONE (LASZLO'S ASSISTANT) EMERGES FROM BEHIND A CRATE. \*

ANGLE \*

ON MOORE, AS THE MOTION OF THE BOAT REVEALS BERGMAN, SITTING ON A CRATE, AND LASZLO, STANDING BESIDE HIM. THEY BEGIN TO WALK TOWARD MOORE. IN THE B.G. WE SEE THUG TWO WALK BEHIND LASZLO AND BERGMAN. IN THE DEEP B.G. WE SEE THUG THREE COME OUT OF THE SEDAN, AND TAKE UP GUARD, HOLDING A RIFLE, FACING AWAY FROM THE ACTION. \*

ANGLE ON MOORE, AS HE TAKES IN THE SITUATION. LASZLO MOTIONS HIM OFF THE BOAT. HE LOOKS AT FRAN. HE STARTS TO LUNGE AWAY. \*

LASZLO LEVELS A SHOTGUN AT HIM AND YELLS AT HIM. \*

LASZLO  
Off the boat...off the boat... \*

BERGMAN STEPS FORWARD. \*

BERGMAN  
Yeah, yeah, what, there was a change in plans, you couldn't call to tell me? \*

LASZLO CLUBS MOORE AND FRISKS HIM, AS THE OTHER THUG APPROACHES IN THE B.G. TO COVER THEM. \*

LASZLO FINDS A HIDEOUT PISTOL IN THE S.O.B., AND THROWS IT INTO THE WATER. MOORE REACHES BEHIND HIS BACK AND LASZLO PUTS HIS HAND THERE AND FINDS THE HIDEOUT GUN. BERGMAN NODS LASZLO INTO THE BOAT, AND, IN THE B.G., WE SEE THUG ONE GO ONTO THE BOAT TOO, CARRYING AN AXE. \*

BERGMAN (cont'd)  
Where's your friend? You all alone? NO, it ain't good to be alone... \*

IN THE B.G. WE SEE LASZLO AND THUG ONE MOVING STEALTHILY BACK TOWARD THE COMPANIONWAY. \*

ANGLE ON MOORE AS HE TURNS TO FRAN, QUESTIONINGLY. \*

FRAN  
...I didn't have a choice. \*

MOORE  
Let my wife go. \*

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (3)

178

ON LASZLO, AS HE DESCENDS THE COMPANIONWAY, AND HE MOTIONS  
THUG ONE TO KEEP WATCH UP TOP.

179 INT. SAILBOAT CABIN - DAY

179

LASZLO

AS HE POSITIONS HIMSELF IN THE EMPTY CABIN.

ANGLE

ON LASZLO AS HE STANDS OPPOSITE THE "SECRET COMPARTMENT" AND  
FIRES INTO IT, SHATTERING THE COMPARTMENT.

179A EXT. PIER - DAY

179A

ON THE PIER, FRAN, MOORE, ET AL, TURN TO THE SOUND OF THE  
EXPLOSIONS, IN THE DEEP B.G. WE SEE THUG THREE TURN ALSO.

179B INT. CABIN - DAY

179B

ON THUG ONE, AS HE HANDS DOWN AN AXE TO LASZLO.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE ON LASZLO AS HE BATTERS DOWN THE SECRET  
COMPARTMENT DOOR.

ANGLE HIS POV. THE COMPARTMENT IS EMPTY.

180 EXT. PIER - DAY

180

ON THE PIER. BERGMAN ET AL.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

I'll give you the gold. Me and the girl,  
and we leave on the boat.

BERGMAN

What if the gold's on the boat?

FRAN TURNS TO MOORE, SILK IN THE B.G. COMING TOWARD FRAN.

FRAN

I gave up the gold, Baby. I had to.

MOORE

You what...?

FRAN

I Had to.

BERGMAN

Yeah, I hate to break your rice bowl,  
your wife just made another deal. The  
deal she made, we get the gold, we let  
you live. Whaddaya think...?

MOORE

You let me walk away.

BERGMAN

That's right.

MOORE

Me and her.

SILK

Well, not quite.

FRAN

I'm sorry, Baby...

BERGMAN GOES TO CONFER WITH LASZLO AND LASZLO'S BEST THUG,  
THUG ONE.

BERGMAN

Let's get this boat outta here.

(to Moore)

Yeah, she's got a very commercial mind.

MOORE

Hold on, one second.

SILK INTERVENES, HE TAKES FRAN'S ARM.

(CONTINUED)

BERGMAN

(he holds out his hand)

Yeah, we don't want to send you out there  
broke... here: go buy yourself something  
nice. I'm gonna pay you in GOLD.

HE TAKES THE KNIFE OFFERED HIM. MOVES TO A BRIGHT SHINING  
RAIL. TRIES THE KNIFE ON IT. NOTHING HAPPENS, HE MOVES TO A  
SECOND RAIL, TRIES IT, THE KNIFE BREAKS. HE MOVES TO A THIRD  
RAIL.

IN THE B.G. WE SEE LASZLO, WHO IS EXAMINING THE BOAT, TURN TO  
BERGMAN AND SMILE.

LASZLO

We got it...

BERGMAN

Well, there you go...

IN THE B.G. WE SEE LASZLO TAKING HIS AXE TO A PART OF THE  
BOAT.

BERGMAN (cont'd)

Sometimes the Rabbit wins, sometimes the  
Dog wins. .

MOORE

That's true.

BERGMAN

It's more than-true, it's useful...

(to Laszlo)

Show it to me...

HE TURNS TO LASZLO WHO IS CHOPPING OUT THE GLEAMING  
ARROWCLEAT, OUT OF THE DECK.

ANGLE ON THE THUG, WHO IS CHOPPING OUT THE GILDED CLEAT... WE  
SEE SPARKS FLY AS THE AXE HITS THE CLEAT, AND PARTS THE ROPE  
HOLDING THE BOAT TO THE BARGE.

ANGLE

ON THE THUG, AS HE STEPS OFF THE BOAT, FROWNING, AND HANDS  
THE CLEAT TO BERGMAN.

BERGMAN, AS HE TAKES THE CLEAT, AND FROWNS. HE THROWS THE  
CLEAT DOWN.

BERGMAN (CONT'D)

Where's the gold...?

(CONTINUED)

BERGMAN MOTIONS FOR THUG ONE TO ASSUME POSITION BY MOORE. THIS THUG DOES SO. THUG TWO MOTIONS BERGMAN TO STEP BACK OUT OF THE POSSIBLE LINE OF FIRE.

THUG ONE HOLDS A GUN, EXECUTION STYLE, TO MOORE'S HEAD.

BERGMAN (CONT'D)

I hate to do anything as dramatic as  
"counting to three," but: One...

FROM THE ANGLE AT THE END OF THE PIER WE SEE THE EXECUTION SCENE. LASZLO TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE. WE SEE LASZLO TURN INTO THE SHOT, AND TURN AWAY, AS IF HE CANNOT BE BOTHERED TO WATCH. WE SEE THE STERN OF THE BOAT TURN INTO THE SHOT, AND THE GOLD ENGRAVED RECEIVER OF THE SHOTGUN TURN INTO THE SHOT.

ANGLE

XCU LASZLO, AS HE STOPS, HIS CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH, HIS LIGHTER ABOUT TO LIGHT IT, HIS EYES GROW WIDE.

ANGLE

BLANE STEPPING FROM THE BOAT ONTO THE PIER. WE SEE THE BOAT PUSHED AWAY. BLANE FIRES HIS SHOTGUN AT LASZLO, WHO FALLS BACK.

THUG ONE DIVES FOR COVER. IN THE B.G. WE SEE THUG THREE, THE FAR-OFF MAN, BY THE CAR, TURN AND RUN TOWARD THE ACTION BELOW.

BLANE TURNS TO SHOOT AT THUG TWO, WHO IS STANDING BEHIND BERGMAN. THUG TWO MOVES BERGMAN ASIDE FOR A CLEAN SHOT. BEFORE HE CAN LOWER HIS SHOTGUN, HE IS SHOT BY BLANE. BERGMAN'S FACE IS SCORED BY TWO SHOTGUN PELLETS, AND IS BLEEDING.

BLANE DUCKS BEHIND SOME CRATES FOR COVER, AND BEGINS RELOADING.

FROM BEHIND THUG THREE, ON THE PIER, WE SEE SHOTS FROM A SEMI-AUTO RIFLE, HITTING THE DECK AND THE CRATES BEHIND WHICH BLANE IS HIDING.

BERGMAN, IN THE MIDST OF THE MELEE YELLS FOR EVERYONE TO STOP.

ANGLE

ON BLANE, BEHIND COVER, RELOADING.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

NO!

MOORE RUSHES TOWARD BLANE, DRAGS HIM TO COVER, AND TAKES, FROM THE SMALL OF HIS BACK, HIS AUTO PISTOL.

MOORE RUSHES TOWARD BERGMAN.

THUG ONE ALSO RUSHES TOWARD BERGMAN, FIRING AT MOORE.

MOORE'S FIRST SHOT KILLS BERGMAN (APPARENTLY). BERGMAN FALLS: THUG ONE TURNS, AND, REALIZING THAT BERGMAN IS DEAD, HE STARTS TO MOVE TOWARD THUG THREE, WHO IS OFFERING COVERING FIRE FROM THE HIGH POSITION.

ANGLE

FROM THE HIGH POSITION, THUG THREE FIRES. THE GUN IS EMPTY. HE DROPS THE MAGAZINE.

ANGLE ON MOORE AS HE RUNS AFTER THUG ONE, WHO IS RUNNING, YELLING TO THUG THREE TO PULL HIM UP TO SAFETY.

MOORE SHOOTS THUG ONE IN THE BACK, AS THE THUG THREE STARTS PULLING HIM TO SAFETY. THUG ONE FALLS TO THE DECK OF THE BARGE.

MOORE TURNS HIS PISTOL TOWARD THUG THREE. THE PISTOL CLICKS EMPTY.

THUG THREE INSERTS THE MAGAZINE, AND BEGINS TO LEVEL HIS RIFLE TOWARD MOORE.

BLANE APPEARS, DRAGGING HIMSELF TO MOORE'S SIDE, AND SHOOTS THUG THREE WITH A SHOTGUN. THUG THREE FALLS BACK ONTO THE PIER.

BLANE AND MOORE TAKE DEFENSIVE POSITIONS, SWEEPING THE AREA. MOORE REACHES BEHIND BLANE, TAKES A FRESH MAGAZINE, AND INSERTS IT IN HIS PISTOL.

BERGMAN (V.O.)

Yeah, well, how about that... How about that... How about that...

BLANE MOTIONS MOORE TO LOOK DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV.

BERGMAN, WHO IS SHOT BADLY, AND STILL BREATHING.

ANGLE CU, MOORE LOOKING DOWN AT HIM.

(CONTINUED)

181 OMITTED

181 \*

182 OMITTED

182 \*

(CONTINUED)

183 INT. DINER - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

183

BLANE, ENTERING, COMES UP TO THE COUNTER, AND GETS A PACK OF CIGARETTES. THERE IS A MAN WITH HIS BACK TO CAMERA GETTING A TAKE-OUT COFFEE.

WAITRESS

...leave room for the milk?

THE MAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BLANE

I hear if you put milk into it, it  
lessens the chance of stomach distress.

MOORE

(turning/with a short, unkempt  
beard)

Well, you can't worry about every little  
thing.

BLANE HANDS MOORE A SMALL PHOTOMAILER ENVELOPE. AS HE DOES  
SO, HE WINCES, EXTRACTING THE ENVELOPE FROM HIS LAPEL POCKET.

\*  
\*

MOORE (cont'd)

You mendin'?

\*  
\*

BLANE

Doing my best.

\*  
\*

THEY BEGIN TO EXIT THE RESTAURANT.

BLANE (CONT'D)

Too bad about Pinky.

MOORE

What?

BLANE

Shame about Pinky.

MOORE

Ain't that so?

BLANE

...always made me laugh.

MOORE

Well, what more can you say of anyone?

BLANE

Nothing... Y'go to that Plastic Surgeon,  
don't lettem put you all the way under.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLANE

Well, he landed back inside. He never  
had to wait for Cigarettes...

BLANE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE WITH A BOOK OF MATCHES AND PASSES  
THE MATCHES TO MOORE. MOORE LOOKS AT IT.

MOORE

Send your cut there...?

BLANE

Wire it there, when you get where you're  
going.

MOORE

That I will, Pal.

BLANE

I hear it's nice down there, in the sun.

MOORE

Zat where I'm going?

BLANE

Wherever it is, Brother, don't come back.

BEAT. THEY STOP, IN THE ENTRANCEWAY OF THE DINER. MOORE  
STOPS TO BUY A PAPER FROM THE MACHINE.

184 EXT. DINER - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

184

ANGLE - BLANE, GETTING INTO A NEW CAR, DRIVEN BY A VERY  
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN. \*

YOUNG WOMAN

Who was that?

BLANE

Some guy, wanted me to give him a tip on  
a fight.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you?

BLANE

I said I worked my whole life. Why  
should I give him the benefit, a lifetime  
of knowledge.

THE CAR DRIVES OFF. IN THE B.G., WE SEE MOORE EMERGE FROM  
THE DINER.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

FRAN

That's the right way to do it.

MOORE

End of the day, though, end of the day,  
what's the important thing...?

FRAN

That's right.

MOORE

What's the important thing...?  
(pause)

FRAN

Shame about Pinky...

MOORE

You heard.  
(of truck)  
come on, get in.

FRAN

Y'all loaded up?

HE LIFTS THE TARP TO REVEAL THE ENGINE, COATED IN BLACK  
PAINT, SITTING THERE. HE RECOVERS IT.

MOORE

C'mon, get in, we'll talk on the road.  
You heard about Pinky...

FRAN

Yeah, I heard. I'm sorry about that.

MOORE

Yeah, well, it just went bad there, that  
little bit, Dinnit...?

FRAN

Yes, It did.

MOORE TOUCHES THE BRUISE ON HIS HEAD.

MOORE

...yes, it did... it got kind of  
convincing.

FRAN

...and, so, you got hurt.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

...what d'you mean, "that's part of it"?

FRAN

I don't get you?

MOORE

I was talking about Pinky.

FRAN

Uh-huh.

MOORE

I said we paid the price. And you said.  
We paid part of it.

(pause)

FRAN

Yes. That's right.

MOORE

...what's the rest of it...?

(pause)

What's the rest of it...?

FRAN

I had some time to do some thinking.

XCU - MOORE, AS HE LOOKS AT FRAN.

ANGLE - FRAN, AS SHE LOOKS BEYOND MOORE.

ANGLE - MOORE, AS HE TURNS. SILK IS STANDING BEHIND HIM. \*

SILK HOLDS A PISTOL. HE MOVES TO MOORE, AND HE FRISKS HIM,  
AND FINDS NOTHING, AND TAKES A STEP AWAY. \*

ANGLE - MOORE, AS HE LOOKS FROM SILK TO FRAN. \*

MOORE

Oh.

(pause)

SILK \*

They don't always leave with the Ones  
they came in with.

MOORE

(pause)

Oh.

SILK LOOKS AT THE TRUCK. HE LOOKS INQUIRINGLY, AT FRAN. \*

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

No.

MOORE

Then he hadn't oughta point a gun at me.

(pause)

It's insincere...

MOORE SITS DOWN ON AN UP-ENDED WOODEN BOX, IN THE DOORWAY OF THE GARAGE.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Oh, God, I'm tired...

FRAN GETS UP INTO THE TRUCK.

FRAN

You'll be all right.

MOORE

You think so?

FRAN

You always are.

(pause)

MOORE

Well, I missed this trick, though, didn't I...?

FRAN

Nobody's Perfect.

MOORE

That's right.

FRAN

You take care.

SHE STARTS TO LEAVE.

FRAN (cont'd)

(over the shoulder)

Cute plan.

MOORE

Cute as a Chinese baby.

FRAN MOTIONS SILK TO GO. THE TRUCK DRIVES OFF.

ANGLE - MOORE, AS HE SLOWLY SHAKES HIS HEAD. HE SIGHS. HE WALKS BACK INTO THE SHED.

(CONTINUED)